

THE

SHAKER MANIFESTO.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
REVELATION.	49	WAR FOR WOOD WORK.	63
MEANS AND ENDS.	49	THE CHILDREN'S GROTTO.	63
MONOPOLY.	51	SOCIETY RECORD.	65
DISCORD—CONCORD.—No. 1.	52	AGRICULTURAL.	65
CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.	53	THE BREAD QUESTION.	67
BEATITUDES AND AWARDS.	54	OUR WANT OF FAITH.	67
LETTERS DEDICATED TO BELOVED SISTER MARTHA CURTIS.	55	THE GIVER AND THE TAKEN.	67
ETERNAL BEAUTIES.	55	ATONEMENT.	68
SIGNS OF THE MILLENNIUM.	56	SELF-FORGIVENESS.	68
BRIGHT LIGHTS.	56	WITTY AND TRUE.	69
AIKING THE BEDS AND ROOM.	57	NOT LOST.	69
CORRESPONDENCE.	58	MUSIC:—Spiritual Home.	70
CARE OF THE EYES.	58	KEROSENE.	71
EDITORIAL:—	59	FEAR OF DISEASE.	71
Noetic Remedies.	59	A PURIFIED CHURCH NEEDED.	72
Communism and Communists.	60	EXTRACTS VOICE OF PEACE.	72
EDITORIAL NOTES.	61	SOWING AND REAPING.	72

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REVELATION.

CECELIA DEVYR.

'Tis but the morning twilight now,
The ancient shadows fainter grow,
The light that rims yon summit's brow
Will flood the soundless depths below.
The dawn, advancing in its might,
Reflects the work of which we dream;
We watch the sun's advancing light,
Along the mountain flash and gleam,
Where lightning writes upon the cloud,
And thunder tones proclaim its doom.
Though still doth ignorance enshroud,
And rob the earth of joy and bloom,
We see the hilltop's gilded crown,
While cliffs and woods are veiled in mists;
The fertile plain, the busy town,
Give little sign that they exist.
We see the gushing fountain rise,
While sweeps the rayless tide along;
We hear the lark that thrills the skies,
'Ere other warblers wake to song.
The glory falling from above,
Upon the noble of our race;
The gift of God's o'erflowing love,
The inspiration of His grace;
These are the source of each REFORM
That comes to dissipate the night;
That comes to vivify and warm.
To bring the truth and spread the light.
Then speak, O worker, speak aloud!
Let thunder-bolts of thought be hurled,
And they will break the night-mare cloud
That long has settled on the world.
Flow out, O fountain heart, and bring
A blessing to the low and poor;
Thou soul of inspiration, sing

The gladness of the just and pure
Till every outpost, wall and dome,
That sheltered wrong shall sink from sight;
And earth is one vast happy home.
Where God has spread His perfect light,
O then will REVELATION glow
Upon our hearts, without a shade,
And, by the things external, show
The things that are eternal made.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

MEANS AND ENDS.

O. C. HAMPTON.

The ends proposed as "the ultimates of a believer's life are: Salvation, contentment, eternal peace. But what is salvation? For, since the bottom of what has been the theological hell for ages has been knocked out, in these latter times, and since the popular theological heaven depended so very much for its existence on the exploded hell, they are in danger of going over the dam together; so also the mythical salvation, predicated upon those misapprehensions of Heaven, and Hell vanishes with them, being relegated to the limbo of the worn-out theological machinery of the past. What believers in Christ's second as well as his first appearing understand by salvation is a perfect, practical triumph over all lower lusts, appetites and proclivities, and a consequent immunity and relief from the ruin and sorrow of their

Indulgence. Invulnerable peace is the necessary result of such triumph; and complete agreement with God is to be possessed by sincere confession and repentance of all known sin and an after-perseverance in righteousness in thought, word and deed. O, if persons struggling amid the "burning glooms" and deadly sorrows of an incipient experience of a Shaker life, while the lower, baser instincts of rudimental man are clamoring for gratification, could only see the bright glory, the calm serenity, the sublime exultation, the tempered but permanent joy and tranquil contentment, silently evolving from these holy, solemn experiences, what immense energy and courage would be imparted by the beatific vision! But, alas, this seems generally to be incompatible with those conditions, or excluded therefrom, from some inscrutable element in the Divine scheme of evolution and elevation to higher and holier planes of existence and we must, for some cause, learn to bear these scenes patiently and, with what cheerfulness we can, it is a consoling truth, however, that although so chastening for "the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. 12 ch., 11 v. It is, furthermore, comforting to remember that this was written for our encouragement by one who had passed through the purifying scenes of spiritual evolution and had come into permanent possession of their blessed fruitions. So calm, comfortable and self-poised are those who have "patiently traveled quite through this low ground" of self-sacrifice, that there is constantly emanating from them a spiritual aura which many times is sufficient to raise others who are wading in deep sorrows completely above them all, and, for the time being, surround them with a safe, holy joy and release, even a foretaste of the eternal peace-victory and triumph which awaits them. This is one of the purest joys of the spiritual harvest; this blessed power and privilege of relieving and even chasing away at times the deadly sorrows and fierce temptations of our dear companions who are "tossing through their scenes of trouble." An individual in-

stance of this occurs to my memory at this time. A person for whom I felt a deep spiritual interest sent for me to visit him. I went, and being one whom I had in spiritual charge, he "communed with me of all that was in his heart." When he finished I said to him: "You will not fail; you will triumph; you are too sincere to fail; and now, you can, for the present, feel entirely released from these severe struggles." Being called elsewhere, I did not see him for three or four days. Upon inquiring of him at the end of that time how he was getting along, he said: "After you came at my request, and talked with me a little, I was entirely and completely released and have not felt the least bit of those terrible buffetings since."

Now, I am some ashamed and mortified to be obliged to introduce the objectionable pronoun into this little episode, but if it will do any person any good, I can stand it; for what I like to read is not so much theological speculations and logically wire-drawn theories, as little interesting details of actual experience, and I suppose many of the readers of the invaluable S. M. are of the same taste and way of thinking. When one is pretty well along in gospel experience and most of his or her hardest battles and severest sacrifices have been so thoroughly gone through with that they will *stay gone through with*, then "the day-spring from on high" begins to permanently pervade and abide with that soul, and "the well of water springing up into everlasting life" is no longer a sweet anticipation of hope to be earnestly longed after, "as the poor, weary servant desireth the shadow," but is thenceforward a sublime and unspeakably glorious reality. The sun of perpetual peace and serenity beams from his spiritual sky, and the illuminations and inspirations from his dear companions and still more his illustrious predecessors, reflect their bright love and consolation upon him forever. He needs not wait for another world to enter upon these eternal joys and fruitions, for this happy estate is attainable here. In fact, this is "the world to come" which Jesus spoke of, and the "eternal life" he referred to. If a man is able to take pleasure in his

duties of whatever character, with the music of heaven in his soul; and surrounded by good and faithful companions between whom and himself the love of God is always flowing; if he sits down by his fireside in the evening and engages in conversation, reading, singing, or silent meditation, with no painful memory of sin troubling his conscience, and no degrading impulse goading him into desperation and guilt and ruin; if he can and does feel the love of God toward all humanity, whether saints or sinners, and a tender and Divine sympathy for all who are suffering, and a willingness and a joy in relieving them so far as he can; we say in earnest:

"If this will not Heaven's true happiness bring,
It must be because there is no such thing."

These, then, are the *ends* proposed to be reached by believers, through the instrumentality of self-sacrifice; for, first, our own purity and elevation; and, second, for the good and similar elevation of our fellow-beings; and even these sublime beatitudes are but the *beginning* of an eternal scene and process of evolution, whose glory and goodness and happiness no mortal has ever conceived.

Union Village, O.

MONOPOLY.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

The nineteenth century in which we live is marked for its scientific culture, brilliant ideas, and intellectual attainments; but unless such knowledge be utilized and reduced to practice, so as to benefit and bless humanity at large, it will be used as an engine of power to oppress the poorer and less educated, and to bind heavy burdens upon them unjustly.

America, the land in which our lot is cast, is a broad, beautiful and goodly land; and with proper cultivation will yield a fullness of all that is needful to sustain life. Her rich mines of gold, silver, iron and precious stone, under the direction of skilled labor, if rightly used and not abused, may be made a great blessing; but it is quite

possible to turn great blessings into dire curses. As we trace the planets in their courses, and note the precision with which they move, and mark the seasons as they come and go, with so much regularity, bringing their seed time and harvest, reason as best we may, we can arrive at only one conclusion; there is one source of knowledge and power; a prescience and a guiding, directing hand seen and felt in the vast universe. That all pervading Mind or Being, we call God! The Originator, Producer and Sustainer of all created things. And when we contemplate the love, wisdom and goodness of God toward His creatures, we ask: What more could have been done for His vineyard that He has not done? He indeed planted noble vines, and sowed good seeds; but an enemy through various instrumentalities has sown tares; and we find strange vines producing wild and sour grapes; and degenerate plants in almost endless variety and forms which are as thorns and briers.

If the earth and its products were blighted because of man's disobedience to established law; why not by a return to those broken laws find restoration from penalty inflicted, and call down especial blessing, instead of continuing in sinful practices that "grace may abound"? In other words, continue in wrong doing, in far reaching, and speculation that *profit* may abound, and interest accrue to a few at the expense of the many who are rendered destitute, and are really enslaved thereby. Does a good and righteous God show particular favor to a few, because of intellectual endowment, or accumulated wealth? "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." His love for His creatures is without partiality; in Him there is not a shadow of turning from justice and equity! Man with perverted desires and appetites is unjust and and unequal, and is ruled by the spirit of monopoly, which manifests itself in individual claims to thousands of acres of land more than is needful to supply his real wants—and gold and silver in proportion.

If the present age is marked for its scientific research, and analytic investigation—

resulting in skilled improvement in labor-saving machinery, in nearly every department of life it is also marked for its ingenious machinations in amalgamating and mixing deleterious substances with almost every thing that pertains to food or clothing, and in preparing articles for market in the most artistic and gulleful manner, and then stamping them "warranted." If honesty instead of craft and cunning device ruled the word *spurious* would in many cases be placed under the word "warranted."

Thus we are forced to the conclusion, that greed and monopoly form a ground work of untold evils in society. The selfish monopolizing spirit of the present age is the parent of many other existing evils, which may legitimately be traced to it, as the producing cause.

Capitalists have power to grind the faces of the poor; and as a general rule, they do not fail to exercise that power. Too often men are measured by their wealth, instead of moral worth and integrity; and money is the charger upon which they ride into office, professedly to fill important positions in National Councils, for which they are not fitted, nor capacitated. Will this state of things always exist? That is a question for the future to decide. We look forward with inspired hope, that truth in its onward march will banish error, and that increasing light, through the medium of reason and conscience united, will banish ignorance and darkness, so that inequality and injustice will flee the land, which should afford shelter and clothing, not only to the home born, but to the oppressed of all nations. May it be the prayer of all lovers of humanity, that the hills of aristocracy and pride may be laid low, and the valleys be lifted up, so that all may meet, the rich and the poor, on one common plane of brotherhood, and that justice and equal rights may be the inheritance of all.

A man cannot live upon material bread alone—however bountiful his supplies, without spiritual food to supply the soul cravings—neither can he live upon acquired knowledge, and dwell in the realm of ideality, without the real and practical, per-

taining to the present life, and that which is to come. As well undertake to live upon flowers, which please the senses and fill the air with rich perfume for a moment.

Spring and blossom time are always welcome in their season, after a cold and ice bound winter; but doubly welcome, because it presages what we hope will be a bountiful harvest. One season foreshadows another. What is the shadow to the substance? All things in their season. Honest labor should be exalted. *Monopoly*, however skillfully we may weave a garment to cover its deformity, is not worthy to be tolerated by a free Republic or an honest, just, and God-fearing people.

DISCORD—CONCORD.

No. I.

WM. H. BUSSELL.

These two words, placed in contrast with each other, fitly represent the primitive condition of mankind, as proved by its history, and that which is yet to be, as indicated by aspiration and the spirit of prophecy. "First, the sensual, afterward, the spiritual."

All beings act in accordance with their several natures; the tiger must act out the tiger; even when tamed by man and apparently gentle as the lamb, he cannot always be trusted; "blood will tell" Human beings, originally, are mere wild beasts in disposition. Thus the poet:

"Into a world of ruffians sent,
I read on hostile ground;
Wild human bears, on mischief bent,
And ravening wolves surround."

It is not too much to say that, in ferocity and cruelty they have far surpassed the most destructive wild beasts. In the earliest times they seemed to have no object in view, in their contests with each other, but to gratify their passion for rapine and slaughter. The greatest warrior ruled over the most widely extended realms. His throne was surrounded by warriors like himself, and his power sustained by vast armies. It has been so quite up to the present age. Those called pagan nations have not alone been involved in wars; those professing to have a revelation from

Heaven urging them on to better things have been equally at fault. By conquest and slaughter ancient Rome enlarged her dominions. Since her fall, those who were instrumental in her overthrow have been just as busy in warring upon each other.

Where, then, it may be asked, are the evidences of the concord that is to be, if such has been the condition of mankind all along? Progress in the best and most enduring things is slow. Ephemeral things are of rapid growth and of equally rapid decay. To truth and right and goodness belong the eternal years of God. As far back as the records of history carry us the manifestations of Divine Love have been apparent to some minds, at least. As the ages have passed along, these have become more and more apparent, and to a greater number of minds. In the days of Jesus and his early followers there seemed to be an outburst, a gushing from the very fountain of love. Then again the waters seemed to cease flowing, and the ministers of peace and love to have changed to messengers of discord. Advancement has not always been continuous in a right line. To some minds there has, at times, been an apparent retrograde, though others discern the forward movement even in such cases, just as the astronomer sees the continuous movement of planets and systems in the vast universe.

To one looking back from the present over the whole field of the past, or as far as his discernment can reach, the change from worse to better, or from lower to higher things, has been great indeed. Within the last century the change for the better, both in material and moral improvement, has been so great that our historians have made it one of the especial themes on which they have loved to dwell. Looking through this glass, the celebrated French poet, Victor Hugo, has declared it his belief that in the course of the next century wars will not be resorted to by the nations to settle difficulties that may arise among them, but peaceful measures alone will be used. The golden era may not arrive so soon as that, yet that it will come before many centuries more shall have passed away seems clear, not to the eye of faith merely, but to the reason that views

Infinite Power and Love forever employed, and knows how much has already been effected.

Improvement in material conditions helps to bring about better moral conditions. That is a lesson clearly taught by the experience of the past century; and then, better moral conditions aid in effecting still better material improvements. Remove the mental distractions caused by wars, and the power of thought will be multiplied a hundred fold; and, once directed in the right course, its victories over mere material obstacles will be great, being aided both by intellectual and inspirational force.

Sonyea, N. Y.

CHRIST'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

ELIZABETTE SUTTON.

I have been reading Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and I find so much that is beautiful in it that I cannot forbear expressing my own thoughts upon it. In the first place our Saviour was a governed man, led by the "Holy Spirit." He nerved Himself for the conflict of heaven and earth within Him. He served the living principles infused in His being and became a Regenerator, winning a renown that no other one had attained unto. He sought the power of salvation as no other one had done, and could, therefore, teach as no other one had taught. The sermon so true, so free and expressive, I will read again.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven:

Deep toned, pure and unremitting are the pure in spirits' claims. Blest are they, blest in creating a heavenly kingdom worth the name. They are of a broken and contrite heart, easily entreated, deeply imbued with the spirit of love they have broken up the fallow ground of the heart, and are removed from the sterile rocks of selfhood, and have based their dwelling place on the fertile soil of humility that is always so productive of good and wholesome fruit.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted:

A mourner, worthy the name, is one who

mourns for dead works, shedding tears of repentance for iniquity ; in this they cannot fail to find the balm of comfort promised. A true spirit of mourning implies forsaking, for effect follows cause. The moment we sorrow for wrong-doing we begin to make amends, and to such the comforter is nigh.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth :

Although Jesus himself had not where to lay His head, I think He had a sight, in futurity, that took Him beyond the age in which He lived, and He saw an earthly inheritance for a people who would make themselves particularly worthy. A home of earth that would not be taken from them so long as they maintained a meek and humble spirit. I believe a thorough gospel baptism will meet the wants of physical and spiritual existence.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled :

God says : My son and my daughter give me thy whole heart ; the first sacrifice must be a worldly life—in making this sacrifice avenues of immortal good are opened to the soul, and we cannot cease to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Let the powers of an endless life and the joys thereof fill the entire being, we most gladly deny opposite influences upon us ; we lose a relish for the lesser joys of nature, for more and truer encouraging things that lead to a peaceful rest and a happy hereafter.

We are filled in proportion as we hunger and thirst.

Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy :

Here the golden rule is brought to mind : Do unto others as we would have them do to us. Who does not love the spirit of mercy ? all forgiving, open to conviction, feeling and doing in accordance with just principles ; not enlarging seeming faults, but considerate in a merciful spirit ; bringing love to bear on discordant elements.

Thus we win confidence and earn the mercy of others in return.

Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God :

This is heaven's best gift, clothing us

brightly as are the angels in heaven. On this depends our success in christianity. God's love may flow to us, but if we are not pure in spirit we cannot feel it. His light may beam around our pathway, but we are liable to stumble if we are not pure in heart. The richest treasures flow unimpeded to the heavenly mind. It sees God in smallest points that tend upward. As a magnet draws an object and clings to it tenaciously, so the pure in heart draw like influences around them. They sparkle in the firmament of the spiritual heavens as the stars glitter in earth's horizon. God is eminently beautiful and altogether lovely in the eyes of the pure in heart.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God :

The character of a peacemaker is a joy in the house, lighting it in every department. How bland is the atmosphere surrounding a peacemaker whose heart spreads its dove-like wings and overshadow the erring. It soothes the afflicted when passion rises to disturb and offend, and gently warns the tempest tossed, causing a fevered pulse to beat quietly ; a loving word to drop from lips all sealed to kindly expression, and to say with the poet :

"The heart depends less for its joys and its beauties,
On the flight of the Eagle than the coo of the Dove."

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

BEATITUDES AND REWARDS.

O. PRENTISS.

Variety is universal law.

Variety in harmony is the desideratum.

The nine Beatitudes are all well — their Rewards well — well for such as seek rewards.

One of the nine — the sixth — fills my eye. I'd take it for my portion, minus rewards.

Among the seraphim and cherubim — feminine and masculine angels — of the more advanced heavens, the pure in heart beatitude is transparently pre-eminent. We ask no more.

LINES SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF OUR DEARLY BELOVED SISTER,
MARTHA CURTIS.

1.

As we read Life's daily record,
And its rugged paths we tread,
We are visited by Angels,
And by Angel hands are led.
Sometimes thro' the vale of sorrow,
Upwards to the mount of joy,
Where we feed and feast our spirits,
And sweet praise is our employ.

2.

Now, to-day, as we are reading,
One familiar name we miss;
One who long hath walked Life's pathway,
Walks the golden streets of bliss.
Here her life-work is accomplished;
There the new life is begun;
She has taken those bright laurels,
Which thro' faithfulness she won.

3.

Blessed, PATIENT, TOILING SISTER —
One whose faith was tried and true;
On the earth and in the Heavens,
Blest thou art, and honored too.
E'en the little children loved thee,
Gospel mother, while thy care
For each sister and each brother
Will be missed; but constant prayer

4.

Will unite us in the spirit,
Soul with soul will often blend,
As we drink from crystal fountains,
And our prayers to Heaven ascend.
Father, Mother, God be with us,
Grant us love, and may we feel
Thy protecting hand still o'er us;
All our sorrows thou canst heal.

5.

Thou art Light, amid the darkness;
Peace when angry storms arise;
Joy when ills of life betide us,
Star of Hope — our glorious prize!
Thou art *rest* when life grows restless,
Thou art strength when we feel weak;
Lord be with us thro' all dangers,
And the trials here we meet.

6.

O be with us in temptation;
Lead us in the narrow way:
Let us ne'er be God forsaken,
Unto *Thee*, O Lord, we pray.
And when life-scenes close around us,
And our sun of life goes down,
Like our Heaven-born Angel Sister
May we win and wear the Crown.

MARY A. GILLESPIE.

Alfred, Me.

ETERNAL BEAUTIES.

CATHERINE ALLEN.

The orb of day is rising in its glorious light;
It sends its golden shafts o'er mountain top
and dale,
And nature's beauties, bathed in crystal
dews of night,
Inhale the breath of life from morning's
gentle gale.
I gaze upon the towering trees and verdant
meads;
Upon the many ripening fruits and blossom-
ing flowers,
And think how God brings forth this wealth
from little seeds,
Beneath the sunbeam's rays and summer's
genial showers.
And then I think of treasures found within
the earth;
Of diamonds bright, and gems, and glitter-
ing mineral ore;
And wealth the ocean bears—her shining
pearls of worth—
That slumber while they grow beneath the
billows' roar.
While calmly contemplating all these beau-
teous things,
I feel my being thrilled with wonderment
and joy;
But, suddenly, a hand, a shadowy darkness
brings—
It is the hand of death that surely will
destroy.
And must their beauty fade? "All fade,"
a voice returns—
A cloud of disappointment o'er me now doth
lower;
A moment's pause, and then my longing
spirit turns
To seek the Fountain Source of all-creative
power:
On aspiration's wings my soul is upward
borne,
Beyond the shades of earth and elements
that blight;
Rich beauties I behold in light of endless
morn;
For now the veil is drawn that dimmed my
inner sight.
I see the treasures there that earnest souls
may gain,
Who seek their wealth and joy in the immor-
tal life;
And I feel my soul inspired, their substance
to attain,
Which shall be the sweet reward of all my
toil and strife.
Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

A beautiful answer was given by a little
Scotch girl. When her class was examined,
she replied to the question, "What is pa-
tience?" "Wait a wee, and dinna weary."

SIGNS OF THE MILLENNIUM.

C. DIBBLE.

Rev. Dr. Talmadge, on his return from a western tour September, 1880, said in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, recurring to his text [Romans, xiii, 18]. "The day for the Church is at hand." Extending his vision to the outer world he saw there the day at hand. He saw it in the trend of the age towards arbitration with the pen, instead of the clash of arms; in the Geneva award, and in the settlement of the Fisheries' dispute without bloodshed, in the outcome of the Franco-Prussian war, and in England's mortification over her warfare with Zululand. "I may be mistaken," he continued, "but I think there'll be no more wars between Christian nations, and I hope, that ere long, there will be no more fighting Indians, no more brave Custers lost. But we must stop encroaching upon the red men. A general of high repute, who has seen much of the Indian warfare, told me only a few days ago that all the wars between the Indians and the whites have been provoked by our race. Now, while we are arbitrating with the civilized world, let us deal in a spirit of fairness with the Indians." The speaker drew a vivid picture of the wrongs against which the red men have recalcitrated, and then continued: "Behold the government of the United States and the North American Indians. The Indian has borne more than either you or I would bear. What is right in New York, is right on the lands that were inherited by the aborigines." The speaker hoped that reparation might be made for the wrongs done the Indians by our forefathers.

"I'd rather be a red handed Modoc, than one of the thieving agents who have robbed the Indians!" Here the vigorous rapping of canes indicated a desire to break out in hearty cheering.

Not more than two weeks after this, the Doctor, perhaps lost in the effects of the pure mountain air of the west, and we hear him relapsing into another tone, calling on the general government to destroy Mormonism by arbitration, if possible, if not, then by howitzers, bombshells, bullets, cannon balls

etc. We regret that a man of so large sympathy and brilliant talents should, through a spirit of religious intolerance, counsel war, especially after proclaiming that the time of *Universal Peace* is at hand. He should remember that the true antidote of an evil is not to commit another and greater evil. Persecution has helped Mormonism and it would again. The Christian method is to inspire the people of Utah with a better and purer spirit. Does Christianity, as it is practiced outside of Mormonism, afford this pure inspiration?

BRIGHT LIGHTS!

ELVAH F. COLLINS.

In traveling the numerous and oft-times dreary thoroughfares of this busy world, after the sable curtains of night-fall have been lowered, to screen earth from the sun's illumination, how pleasant to meet the "bright lights" all along the way, which time and invention have brought to such perfection.

Just as cheering it is to meet with "bright lights" in human hearts, that have been kept trimmed and burning, perfected by progression of thought, and obedience to truth, shining with steady glow in cloud or sunshine. Counting all workers for the good of humanity, these may be numbered by the hundreds and thousands, extending so far back that the dim glimmer of those which brightened the early ages (long since extinguished to mortal eyes though to-day lighting the streets of heaven) is scarcely discernible. It is with regret that while gazing at the stars of the nineteenth century, so bright, beautiful and alive with inspirations, we behold them swiftly and suddenly dart into regions unknown, or become lost to sight in the deep blue haze of eternity.

One by one they pass from the intellectual, moral and spiritual firmaments, and we watch with interest the gradual rise and increasing magnitude of others, God sends to fill their places in the orbits of human existence.

Among the many gone who will be missed

more than others, those two noble workers for general good, LUCRETIA MOTT and LYDIA M. CHILD, whose broad sentiments, unbounded by sea or land and ministrations of peace, have gone forth like an aura of healing to thousands of aching hearts, some of whom have felt its blessing though unconscious of the source.

Those who were the immediate sharers of their social intercourse in life, and who tread the byways and highways in which their feet have wended on missions of love, no doubt, know the value of such true friends, while all lovers of truth who have read, heard or seen the jewels and diamonds, that have fallen from the pen and lips of these brave thinkers, are ever ready to respond in a soul-felt amen!

As friends to the oppressed of every grade and color, strong workers for the uplifting of women from slavery to nobility of character, they have woven Immortelles in their garlands, which will increase in beauty as the true Order of Heaven is established in this now chaotic world, where man rules as "monarch of all he surveys."

We know there are many in the land whose hearts beat to the same measure and who will continue the great work of reform, that has its grand ultimate in the equality of the sexes, all nations and races of people on the earth, when land will be as free as air and water.

"I may not be a prophet yet the fabled time's at hand,

In which the nations shall combine as one united band;

That day will see one God, one Church, one government on earth,

The long expected golden age, the truer second birth."

To all who have pulled out a stone from the foundation of the old creation, or added one to the new (though their bodies lie in the grave), will be rendered the thanks and praise of those who follow on to complete the structure.

Every one has power to make the world a little better for having lived in it, if they so will it. We may all be a "bright light" to some one, two, three or more if we fan into life the little spark God has created on the altar of each soul, which He designed

should benefit not only ourselves but each other. By thus doing we may send a gleam to cheer some struggling one, whether our journey lie through the valley of shadows or over the rolling main.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

AIRING THE BEDS AND ROOM.

F. W. EVANS.

The air of a sleeping-room should be constantly renewed from without, yet it should not be icy cold. It is quite amazing to see in otherwise well-informed people the lingering prejudice against night air, which makes them willing to breathe vitiated air all night long. Attention to the airing of beds and bedding cannot be too great, and it ought to be insisted upon in every house. The hurry to have rooms in order early causes beds to be made up before they have been thoroughly permeated by air and sunlight, and gives them that close, stuffy smell which is a sure index of deficient cleanliness. During the night the body throws off, through the invisible pores of the skin, much impurity, and to make up a bed while mattress, sheets and blankets are still sweltering with animal heat is a thing no neat, intelligent housekeeper should ever do under any pressure of hurry. The rest of the room can be dusted and set to rights, and the bedclothing left spread over chairs, with windows open, until a late hour, and nobody will be hurt. Where the bedroom is the common sitting or sewing apartment of a family, it should be thoroughly aired for a half-hour before dark, everybody vacating it for the purpose, and again before its occupants retire.

In our societies it is an evil under the sun that beds and bedding, with some exceptions, are not aired, agreeable to the above directions. In the Canterbury Bishopric the whole matter is systematized. Loops are ingeniously attached to mattresses and bedclothing, so that it is hung up and the rooms are thus left until the afterpart of the day.

Where this practice does not prevail infirmities and weaknesses result, that cost

the sisterhood more labor than is saved by the short-cut, unclean plan of making up a bed before it is air-washed.

As to "looks," they are like tastes; there is no accounting for them. What people did not reason into, they cannot be reasoned out of. It is as the difference between white and brown bread; the decision will depend upon the condition of the person who "looks."

Correspondence.

TTUSVILLE, Penn., Feb. 5, 1881.

G. A. LOMAS—*Dear Friend and Brother:* I am reminded by the return of the New Year that I must send you a few stamps in order to enjoy the monthly visits of that most welcome visitor, the SHAKER MANIFESTO."

For four years it has come to me in due time, laden with messages of love and wisdom; and each time I have (as our Methodist friends express it in their conference meetings) "felt my spiritual strength renewed," feeling as I do that every word is the utterance of a true, honest and upright heart, that the words which they *preach* they *practice* also—something which we do not often see down in the outside world.

This is the year 1881, a year which has been designated by seers of the past ages (among whom are Mother Shipton, of England, and Mrs. Abby Marsh, of Canada) as fraught with great, with glorious events, insomuch that it has even been called the "end of the world." And methinks it may be so—in the sense in which Shakers believe that their Society is the end of the *Earthly Order* and the beginning of the *Heavenly*. I PRAY GOD IT MAY BE SO. I think I see in the principles of the "Irish Land League" more of the teaching of the Christ-spirit than has ever been expressed by any other organization (except the Shakers) of which we have any account in past history. And how it is spreading! Wonder of wonders to see the people flocking together and proclaiming to the world the great truth: "God is the Father of all, and we are brethren." "The worlds are His,

for He made them, and gave them to His children for a home; not to a few but to each and every one." "He who taketh from his brother the home that belongs to him, and his means of subsistence, is a thief and a murderer."

Is it not glorious to hear these great truths proclaimed in the ears of the "Scribes and Pharisees" as in the days of Jesus of Nazareth? May the time have come when these teachings will be received by the people in a more literal sense than they have ever yet done! I am making my letter too long, perhaps, but my soul is so filled with enthusiasm to see this great uprising of the people in the cause of *equality* and *justice* that I cannot help expressing it to my dear friends the Shakers, who I know have long been working for the same cause. With love and kind wishes for you all, I remain, respectfully,

MRS. L. T. R. ATKIN.

CARE OF THE EYES.

1. Rest the eyes for a few minutes when the sight becomes in the least painful, blurred or indistinct.

2. Have sufficient light; never sit facing it; let it come from behind or from one side.

The writer considers too much light almost as bad as too little. He strongly recommends a moderate light, so that surrounding objects may not be too much illuminated and the wearing of a black shade, so large that front and side light may not enter the eyes. With this protection the light may be safely in front—if reading, it is better that it be to one side.

3. Never read in horse or steam cars.

4. Never read when lying down.

5. Do not read much during convalescence from illness.

6. The general health should be maintained by a good diet, air, exercise, amusement and a proper restriction of the hours of hard work.

7. Take plenty of sleep. Retire early and avoid the painful evening lights.—Ten hours sleep for delicate eyes is better than eight.

If any thing more is needed, use THE SHAKER EYE AND EAR BALSAM.

Editorial.

MOSAIC REMINDERS.

We have long contended that no nation, since the days of Mosaic discipline, has been governed by so just and consistent code of laws. That no more rational and effectual physiological science has ever since been taught, practiced, nor better fruits thereof been experienced! That no more, nor as much, justice has since been familiar in the dealings of the people, nor any greater nor more extended philanthropy anywhere since been exercised.

On the contrary, we can look to the failure of the observance of Levitical arrangements for nearly all "the ills that flesh is heir to," and also for nearly all of man's inhumanity to his brethren.

In the tremendous agitations now occurring in Ireland, we are forcibly reminded how very rigid were the laws of Moses in the restriction of the then aristocracy, limiting the same to a few years at most, when all would begin again upon a level, with equal facilities, so far as real estate concerned the people, to rise again to aristocratic pre-eminence. When we think that the lands of England, Ireland and Scotland are owned by a few thousands of inhuman and unfeeling tyrants, and that this ownership is perpetual in their individual families; and that the parties who work the land get only a small pittance of what they grow, and are unreasonably evicted at the caprices of said tyrants, we may well recall the fact that such a state of things could not have existed under

Moses, nor occasions given for such violent, but only reasonable demonstrations, under the pressure of circumstances.

A parallel, if not an exceeding injustice is being perpetrated upon the Indians of the United States. Their lands are being robbed from them by the government, and sold by the government to others, not Indians, in perpetuity.

Not so under Moses' rule. The purchase and possession of the lands by the purchasers were limited. The service of individuals to others was limited; and not as in Ireland and elsewhere, perpetual, and without hope of a better condition for the servers.

What a happy and vastly superior plan was that of olden time, to have the people rest from their labors and speculations, not only one day in seven, but one year in seven; while the spontaneous grains, vegetables and fruits of the year belonged to no one in particular, but to all equally. Would there be these violent but righteous uprisings by the oppressed the world over; would we have our perpetual Indian wars; would we then have the terrible contrasts of rich and poor, masters and slaves, if such an arrangement should be made and executed? And particularly, would not the great troubles of the world be banished, if the lands were returned, as of old, *every fifty years to their original owners*?

Then would we hear the songs of peace and plenty the world over, instead of these, only to be expected remonstrances and bloodshed. Many of the slaves of Ireland — and Ireland

is no exception—would come into just possession of the lands upon which they are so horribly taxed, and brutally evicted.

Then would we see our Indians and their descendants rising up, once in a generation, to the renewed assumption of their rights, instead of being annihilated by bloodthirsty, so-called, Christian people.

The present agitations of the *Land Leaguers*, and the constant battles upon the plains, cause us to think now and to dwell particularly upon the limited possession and re-distributions of the crops and real estate. But we might dwell just as reasonably and perhaps with mightier and more truthful effects, upon the systems of diet, of the various habits in the lives of the Children of Israel, as reminders of the present almost universal cry of disease, and of systems and habits which foster disease; and that a return to Mosaical instructions presents the shortest, safest, if not the only refuge from sickness and disease. And perhaps, very reasonably so, this physiological return is of the first necessity; which condition being attained unto, would be all powerful in correcting all other lusts which are giving the various governments so much trouble, because of the unjust and ungodly contrasts between the conditions of the rich and the poor, the masters and the slaves. Let us, while praying for the *millennium*, bear in mind that its coming will convulse the gross injustice that prevails among men who should fare as brethren, equally well, and that it may find more or less to condemn and revolutionize, in us as individuals. ☆

COMMUNISM AND COMMUNISTS.

It must be apparent to every student of Christianity, that the early disciples of Christ were genuine communists; those who were willing to, and did share every thing within the reach of all, one with another. This is communism in genuine. It is not of the invasive spirit; that which would demand of and force those who had possessions to fall down and share all they possess with them; but who are able to work and wait in patience, for the good spirit to turn the hearts of selfish possessors to a union with the Commune.

We believe there is no one feature more fully representing Christianity, than *the ability to commune*, truly, with the brethren, the household of faith, “having all things in common; and no one possessed aught he called his own.”

Let governments or churches deery communism if they will; but they could with equal or greater propriety deery purity of heart as being unchristian. Of the two—communism truly, purity of heart—true, unselfish communism demands the greater nobility of the man and woman, and the same is proved, where we see those who may, can and do boast of their purity of hearts, who are as selfish as the smallness of their souls permits them to be, and just as unchristian as ignoble. Let us have more and more of true communism in the churches; let the same be accompanied by purity of heart and every other virtue; but do not let us hear so much of the possession of this peculiar virtue or that, with genuine communism—true

brotherly love—left out; or we will decry the whole self-proclamation as a piece of deception worthy only of the devil. Bear in mind there are neither rich nor poor in the assembly of Christ “Ye are brethren”; and “one is, your Lord, even Christ,” the original Christian Communist. ☆

EDITORIAL NOTES.

UNNATURAL OR HEAVENLY?

Every attempt at a *fac simile* representation of Jesus Christ's life, is met by two classes of individuals; Of one class we will hear that the attempt is in contradiction to the behests of nature—unnatural. Of the other class we will hear: “This is not of earth; this is of heaven.” Which is the true definition of the attempt? We claim both are. To do heavenly deeds is an *unnatural* proceeding, according to the interpretation of what nature is understood to be. That Earth and Heaven can be opposites and yet both right, good, each in its place, is a lesson to be learned by many good folk.

The chemist finds in his laboratory, oils and alkalies; and everywhere we find opposites which are equally good to all appearances. The *earthly* tends to the grosser or lesser good; while the *heavenly* has enduring and eternal value.

“The *first*, was of the earth, earthy (good but transient and of the lesser good); the *second*, is the Lord from heaven, a quickening spirit.” Let the attempt of copying Christ represent eternal features, and these will be opposites to those of temporary consideration, however good they

may be considered. The Shakers sing:

“Oil and Water cannot blend,
Neither *flesh* with *spirit*;
Purity of heart alone,
Can heaven's gifts inherit.”

And let it be understood that the *flesh* is, inferior to the *spirit*; and while one is *natural*, the other is *heavenly*. The decision classes the individual.

• WHAT IS RIGHT.

If any thing could convince people of the absolute puerility of most of the discussions about religious forms and symbolism, it would be the fact that the Dunkards of Johnson County, Missouri, have split on the question as to whether in celebrating religious footwashing both feet should be washed or only one. Will the era of common sense never commence in religious matters?—*Christian Union*.

Our brave and illustrious contemporary, *The Christian Union*, hits hard, both right and left.

The foot-washings, the communism, the nearly hundred, or more, of arranged performances, may be essentials of salvations, and we will not say they are not; but we will say as our contemporary almost observes, that in this age, it is below the dignity of matured religious enlightenment, to consider such inferiorities Christianity; let us have CHRIST HIMSELF represented, and all these inferiorities will be unostentatiously, *imperceptibly*, but inevitably involved and represented.

Essentials are good; but the essentials are in doing good things in the right spirit; and the right spirit is the good essential thing, regardless of what *any* may consider *essential*.

CONVERSION.

We believe that the tendency of the race of humanity is upward. Larger comprehension of what good is; keener apprehension, with charity, of what wrong intends, noble feelings of what human nature is capable of, are features to be observed more than occasionally.

To be converted, means *to be changed*, changed from something to something else. Conviction of what is wrong is inevitably accompanied by the conviction of "*the better way.*" Conviction is not conversion. It is an easy matter to be convicted; but, to become converted to the better way, changed from what we were, to *what we ought to be*, like Christ, the pattern, is a conversion worth having, and one seldom heard of in the bubbling effervescence of modern revivalism.

NOT FORGOTTEN.

A few days ago we received a Five Dollar note from our kind Bro. Watson Andrews, who seems to believe, that the unsalaried position of the editor of *THE MANIFESTO* needs now and then a kindly deed. The following accompanied the happy present:

I'm too busy to sing, so instead of a song,
I send you a sum, my dear;
If you must have a song, make a song of the sum,

And wont that be the sum of a song?

ACCEPTABLE SUBSTITUTION.

The children will gladly accept the beautiful articles of Elders Sproat and Orcutt. In the story of *Mindahminah*, kindness is taught by a case of

extreme selfdenial; while in the *Best Capital* we have as good things, and better, than we could say to the children.

WEARS THE BELL.

Enfield, Conn., has been outdoing herself and everybody lately by member's subscriptions to *THE MANIFESTO*. We give it the assurance of gratitude in behalf of the Publisher, with his hopes that many would "go and do likewise."

TAKE NOTICE.

We purpose supplying all subscribers for *THE MANIFESTO*, so long as we can, from *January number*.

Publisher Manifesto.

WASH FOR WOOD WORK.

Kind Editor: As it is now about the time for the cleanly sisterhood to begin their annual "scrubbing" and putting on better appearances, I thought to send for publication a recipe for making a solution to wash wood-work. We have used it and find it a good and "helpful friend" in times of need:

To one pint of soft soap add two table-spoonfuls of spirits turpentine; stir these together thoroughly and put sufficient of it into two quarts of warm water and one pint of skimmed milk to make a weak suds; wash the wood-work with it without any rinsing. It leaves a glossy appearance, and a wholesome flavor which every one will appreciate.

BETSY JOHNSON.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

The Chinese have a time-honored custom that they shall pay all debts before their New Year's Day, and those who are unable to do this will almost always commit suicide on account of the disgrace. We don't want the suicides, but our people would be better off with the other part of the custom.

The Children's Grotto.

MINDAHMINAH.

An Indian Legend.

GRANVILLE T. SPROAT.

How the first corn grew—from whom it received its name—origin of the green-corn dance.

Mindahminah, the aged, sat in his solitary wigwam on the shores of the *Keche Gahme* (Great Lake). The night was dark and stormy; the old oaks, on the shores of the lake, creaked and groaned in the blast; for *Keche Nodin*, the Spirit of Wind, was very angry, and threatened to tear them up by the roots, and scatter them on the rocks below. Mindahminah had been a great hunter; but he was old, and nearly blind, and his feet failed him in the chase; and he lay in his wigwam faint and exhausted, for this was the ninth day he had been without food. Then he heard a sound like that of the wings of a bird fluttering among the poles at the top of his wigwam. Mindahminah reached forth his hand, and, lo! a quail was confined among the poles, and could not find its way out. Mindahminah took the quail in his hand. Then he said to himself, "Now has *Keche Manito*, the Great and Good Spirit, sent me this quail for food, who am alone, and perishing with hunger." Then he raked together a few embers, that lay on the bottom of his wigwam, and kindled a fire, and proceeded to dress the quail, for food. Soon, amid the pauses of the storm, he heard cries of distress, as of some one perishing for want of shelter. He hastened to the door of his wigwam, and groped his way to a rock in the forest. Beside it lay a woman, faint and exhausted, who had missed her way in the midnight darkness. He took her by the hand, and led her to his wigwam; rekindled his fire; chafed her hands and her feet; and laid her on his own buffalo robe to rest. Then he took the quail, which he had caught and prepared for his own nourishment, and gave it to her, saying: "My sister, all that I have for food in my wigwam is thine. Take it; I give it to thee

freely. There is not enough for thee and for me. One of us must perish. I shall die; thou wilt survive. Hereafter, when thou seest the poor and perishing, feed them as I have done to thee. Then will this last act of my life not be lost to thee, or to those who shall be blessed by thee. Farewell! We meet not again till we meet in the Land of Souls!"

Mindahminah said no more. He laid himself down on the bare earth, for his bed; and that night the Great Spirit called him home to the Land of Souls.

In the morning, the woman arose, warm and refreshed from her sleep, and raised the curtain of the wigwam; and, lo! Mindahminah lay cold and dead on the ground, in his wigwam! Then she went and told the chief of the tribe; and they came and buried him on the spot where the wigwam had stood, and in which Mindahminah died. Then, the next morning, the men who had buried him arose, and went to the place and looked; and, behold, there were green shoots springing up above the grave, and the ground around it was covered. Then they wondered what it was that had grown up so green and beautiful in a single night. And a voice answered them from a cloud that lay, white and floating, over their heads: "My children, listen to the voice of the Great Spirit! This, that you see, shall be food for you and your children* to eat, for many generations. It is called Mindahminah (corn). The good spirits planted it, and called it by his name, as a reward for his kindness to the poor and perishing one, whom he took to his wigwam, one cold, stormy night, and warmed, and nourished, and gave her of his own food to eat, while he, himself, perished with hunger. And this tale shall be told by the Story Tellers,* through all your tribes; and they shall write on rolls of bark, for others to read, in the picture-writing of the tribe, these words:

"Blessed is he that giveth to the poor! *Keche Manito*, the Great Spirit, shall reward him from his home in the southern heavens; and send him rain, and *Kesis*, the sun, shall smile on him, and cause his corn to grow; and his children shall worship before me in the green corn time.† Blessed are the mer-

ciful and loving ones; for great shall be their reward of love!"

* The Story Tellers of the Indians are a class chosen by the tribe to perpetuate its history to the rising generation among them. They assemble in the wigwam of the Story Teller, during the long winter evenings, and he relates to them the tales and traditions of the tribe. To assist his memory, he holds in his hands long rolls of birch bark—some of them very ancient—covered with picture-writing, on which the most prominent events are delineated. The young men copy them from his hands, and repeat together the lessons of the deeds of their fathers he has given them. They include all their most daring exploits in hunting and fishing, and their successful raids upon the enemy in time of war. Many of them are chanted in a low monotonous key, in which they keep time with a drum, and rattle made of gourd shells. The Story Tellers are called the *Ke-ke-no-ah-mah-gade*; and they are the real historians of the tribe.

+ The Green Corn Dance is a dance of thanksgiving, and is performed in the season of the early corn. It is generally performed on the open plain in the center of the Indian camp by the young men of the tribe. It is the most laborious of all the sacred dances of the Indians, hence the old men and women seldom join, only as spectators. They come to the place of worship decorated with leaves and ears of corn; corn dangling from their heads, arms, and legs; and holding a sheaf of it in each hand. They sing and chant songs of praise to the Great Spirit, for the beautiful gift of corn; whirling and leaping, as they feel inspired by the Great Spirit to worship before him. The ceremony ends with a feast of corn, prepared and laid before them, of which they all partake, sitting on the ground in circles. During the feast they chant and sing a song of praise to the Great Spirit. The following is a portion of the *Nahgomin*, or Song of the Indian Green Corn Worshipers:

"The green corn that waves o'er the valleys and hills

The Great Spirit planted and causes to grow;
From behind a cloud curtain his pipe smoke ascends,

And he looks down, in love, on his children below.

Raise high your *Nahgomin*, with hearts brave and strong,

And worship him now with the dance and the song.

Raise high your *Nahgomin*," etc.

THE BEST CAPITAL.

DANIEL ORCUTT.

The best capital to begin life with is a good character. Make and keep good resolutions; let them call forth daily self-denying effort. Build up virtue by precept and

example. One clock that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole community; and the same may be said of the example that some persons set before their companions. Place a pure life above all things. A clear conscience and a pure record are of untold value; thousands disregard their worth. Never feel above an honorable calling, nor be afraid of the coarse frock and the apron. Put your hands to work in the line of duty; dust on your garments and moisture on your brows bring neither shame nor disgrace. Better soil your hands than your characters. Nothing can essentially injure your characters but your own deeds.

Work is no hardship, for it brings its satisfactions and its victories. Where hard work kills one person, idleness kills ten. The founders of this great Republic were earnest toilers, and the noblest characters of our day are constant workers. You miss it fearfully when you feel shame or embarrassment at being seen in the laboring garb, rather thank God, who has enabled you to perform needful labor, and be grateful that you have learned to work. Never surrender your good name, and however poor you may be in worldly goods, you are heirs to an inheritance that riches cannot buy—the heavenly treasures.

When a person has lost his good name, who will trust him? Who wants his society? He may have been many years in building up a reputation; it goes down. His friends "shy off;" a noble ancestry cannot save him. Why? it is whispered. He is dishonest! he has lost his good name! That blasts him. Now, look out, that there is no question regarding your character; do not create any suspicions. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only reliable capital, and when that is blasted by dishonesty, your character is ruined. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety. "Watch, thou, in all things." Warners are all along life's pathway, warning the inexperienced of dangers. The self-conceited may say, "Oh! how foolish and weak are those who have fallen! I am strong! I cannot fall." But sooner or later, if they persist in wrong-doing, they

will fall. It is inevitable; and the longer they walk the "broad road," the greater will be the shock, and the more complete the destruction. Observe how sharply the Bible puts it, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Enfield, Conn.

A little boy was tempted to pluck some cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch. "You need not be afraid," said his evil companion; "for if your father should find out that you have taken them, he is too kind to hurt you." "Ah," said the brave little fellow, "that is the very reason why I would not touch them, for though my father would not hurt me, yet I should hurt him by my disobedience."

Society Record.

PLEASANT HILL, KY., Feb. 27, 1881.

Beloved Elder, Giles B. Avery:

I fear that the demise of our very worthy beloved ELDERESS SARAH JENKINS, which occurred June 12, 1880, has never been reported, by reason of the temporary suspension of correspondence. It was well understood that she was one of the choicest jewels of the Shaker-fold, having spent a long and useful life in the holy cause without a single drawback to record. She was truly a Mother in Israel, and as peaceable as a lamb, even to the day of her departure for the better land, in the 90th year of her age.

B. B. DUNLAVY.

At Watervliet, O., Jan. 10, 1881, STEPHEN JONES, aged 78 years.

At Hancock, Mass., Feb. 1, JOSEPH SNEDDEN, aged 88 years. Also, Feb. 3, Dr. WELLINGTON R. ROSE, aged 87 years.

RECEIVED OF

H. S. Kellogg.....	\$25 00
Abraham Perkins.....	29 60
R. M. Wagan.....	20 00
Galen Richmond.....	15 00
Amelia Lyman.....	21 43
Charles Clapp.....	7 20
Benjamin Yates.....	68 50

Agricultural.

THE SILO.

G. B. AVERY.

By consulting Webster's latest edition, we find that a Silo is "a pit, or subterraneous store for keeping grain." The name is now applied to a partial or entire subterraneous apartment for curing and keeping green forage for cattle, called, by the French, "Ensilage," when it is cured in the Silo, a process which is effected by fermentation, as nearly excluded from atmospheric air as possible.

On the 7th of January, 1881, the writer, accompanied by Elder Isaac Augur, of Hancock, and Geo. H. Cantrell, of Mt Lebanon, went to Lee, Berkshire Co., Mass., to see a Silo, which was possessed by E. M. Washburn, a scientific and flourishing agriculturist, importer and breeder of Holstein cattle of that town. We found a well-informed and genial gentlemen, who was the economical originator and manager of a model farm, and superb herds of cattle.

In the summer of 1880, he built a Silo, thirty-five feet long by seventeen feet wide and seventeen feet deep. The walls were one foot in thickness, built of cobble stones and grout of Rosendale cement. The Silo contained about 200 tons of ensilage, consisting of alternate layers of sweet fodder corn and millet, all put in green, simply having the water dried off before cutting. Before putting it into the Silo, it was cut up by power about from one to two inches in length. (Should have been still finer, for the stalks.) This, when put into the Silo, was packed as solid as practicable, by treading and pounding down and covering nights with weights of stone upon plank coverings on top. The mass cures in about five or six weeks, then retains its characteristic qualities, whether fresh from the mass in Silo or left loose to dry.

Friend Washburne is now feeding this ensilage to a herd of fifteen two-year old heifers (coming spring), some ten or twelve cows, two bulls and twelve yearlings, or rather last spring's calves, or about thirty.

eight or forty head, at the rate of 2,000 pounds per day, to the entire herd, adding eight pounds of hay per day, at noon. All the stock, old and young, eat the ensilage greedily, and prefer the millet to fodder corn. They were all healthy, free from lice, their coats sleek and smooth, and the cows giving good messes of milk, and the proprietor informed us that his stock were doing better on this fare, thus far this winter, than they did last year on plenty of good hay and one peck each of shorts per day. He further stated that the enterprise would more than pay for itself in forage the present season. The Silo was built by himself and his own hired men, using for its construction about seventy-five dollars' worth of Rosendale cement, and some lumber, and the entire structure costing about \$200, labor and materials included.

To speak of the flavor of the ensilage, the millet smelled and tasted sweet, the fodder corn was slightly acid, about as much as weak acetic acid, unfit for table use; but each and all was eaten by the cattle with as much avidity and apparent relish as the same weight of apples, and the entire waste of a week's foddering would not exceed from one to two bushels of short butts of fodder corn stalks, which, had they been cut one-half inch long instead of two inches, would have all been friable and eatable. So remarked our gentlemanly friend Washburne, to whom we felt much indebted for his kindly attention, information and friendly entertainment. We found him economically husbanding all his resources for fertilization of lands. His stable floors, whereon cattle stood, were cement, and, behind, a space of three and one-half feet, consisted of a pit three feet deep, and filled solidly as it could be well tread down with dry muck of peat-like consistency; this is to absorb the liquids of the stables. It was filled even with the stable floors, then covered with loose planks, a plank one foot wide next the stable flooring being depressed about four inches lower than the main flooring, so as to keep the stall floors dry, also the walks behind, and to admit free ingress of liquids to the muck beds. When this filling is thoroughly charged with liquids, it

is removed and more dry muck added. The droppings of hen roosts were also saved with dry muck and plaster, frequently and carefully gathered up and stored in barrels for use on corn, etc.

[From House and Home, London, Eng.]

THE BREAD QUESTION.

In another column we report the proceedings at a public meeting upon the bread question, held at Kensington last Saturday. Our readers have been kept pretty well informed upon the subject which we regard as being one of the first importance in dietetics. We have over and over again pointed out the irrationality of the present system of bread-making. Its pernicious effects upon the national health, wealth and well-being cannot be over-estimated.

We have reached such a pitch of refinement that custom demands the use of bread of the whitest color and lightest texture. To produce this, the baker uses flour from which the most nutritive parts have been abstracted, and which, in reality, is little else than starch. This is especially the case in what is known as Vienna and French breads. Eaten alone, such a compound would not support human life, and it can by no pretence claim to be called "the staff of life." It has become such a hollow mockery, and its nutritive properties are so attenuated, that scarcely any amount of misdirected ingenuity can further refine away its pabulum; so that we have the advantage of having reached the extreme limit in the manufacture of an article which is neither more nor less than sham bread.

We are an ingenious race, and prone to adopt a circuitous route when a direct course is open before us. There are few things which we do in which this is better illustrated than in our bread-making. As the grain grows it contains all the elements and properties necessary to build up the human frame and maintain it in the brightest state of health. But that is too good—or not good enough—for us. We immediately set about to improve upon nature, and by our acts we claim a wisdom superior to that of the Infinite. The color of the

grain is not to our liking, so we set up a costly machinery for the separation of the darker and what we call the coarser parts of it from its whiter and finer portions; and in the case of very fine flour we retain but little beyond the starch of the grain. The resulting bread is deficient in essential structure, building and life-sustaining elements; and, not being nourished, we become uncomfortable and diseased. Deficient in the bony pillars of our bodies, with our muscles in a half-starved condition, and with brain exhausted for want of its appropriate material for renewal, we are ready to fall victims to any unnatural method of stimulating the system, or of silencing those unpleasant nervous sensations which, as our true protectors, ever warn us to yield obedience to nature's laws. Hence, it is because our bread—so-called—is *not bread*, that so much flesh meat is required, and that animal food is in such good repute. It also favors luxury in food in other respects, and it induces a condition of body in which alcohol is taken with so much apparent benefit, while the narcotic tobacco is in requisition, to calm and soothe the nerves of the victim of the baker.

Fashion and custom lead to this result; sham-like, as our bread is made, it is for the sake of appearance. We instruct our baker to supply us with *white* bread, and the whiteness of the article is our general test of its quality. The miller is required by the baker to furnish him with *white* flour, and, accordingly, he grinds the wheat to a great degree of fineness, and removes from the powdered grain all but its whitest parts. By doing this he abstracts altogether the salts and phosphates—those elements capable of supplying material to bone, teeth, nails, etc., and much of that required to nourish the brain and support the muscular system. And having done this, we fall back on the butcher, the brewer, and even the distiller and tobacconist to make up the deficiency! But instead of getting relief, we pile up and accumulate woes unutterable, and dub them "the ill's flesh is heir to."

It has come to our knowledge that several of our readers, adopting our advice, and eating only whole, meal bread, have lost all

desire for the use of alcohol and tobacco; a fact which temperance reformers should not lose sight of.

The question is, as Dr. Richardson said at the meeting above referred to, "one of the greatest possible national importance." It, perhaps, more than any other in dietetics, affects the physique of the race. Of importance to every individual in so far as it interferes with his own health and capacity for work, it is of supreme importance for the same reason to the nation, whose truest wealth is the health of its citizens. We trust the prominence now given to the subject, and the social rank and scientific attainments of its advocates, will induce a general and speedy return to the use of nature's grand provision for the sustenance of the human frame; unmutilated wheaten bread.

OUR WANT OF FAITH.

JOHN L. MORRISON.

When skies are clear and winds are fair,
And flowers bloom, and fields declare
The bounties of a fruitful year;
'Tis then without one doubt or fear,
We trust in God.

But let the clouds in anger frown,
Torrents of rain come pouring down,
That harvest fruits may be despoiled,
For which we've watched and cared and
toiled,
And then we faint.

We cannot penetrate the gloom,
Our faith all dies, and there's no room
For hope; so in despondency
We sit and brood, and fail to see
The hand of God.

'Tis often thus along life's road,
If we're compelled to bear a load,
Forget the blessings of the past,
Because they will not always last,
And fret for more.

If we could but remove the veil,
When sorrow doth our hearts assail,
And see how near the Master stands,
Still guiding with his loving hands,
We'd never doubt,

But sing amidst the deepest grief.
His hand will bring us sweet relief
From all our sad, distressing woes,
Deceitful friends and deadly foes,
And guide us home.

THE GIVER AND THE TAKER.

[The following is an attempt to versify a literal translation of a poem by the Hindoo writer, Tinevaluva, who lived, it is supposed, in the third century of our era. He was remarkable for his hatred of idolatry and caste, and for his almost Christian conception of God and human duty.]

Who gives what others may not see,
Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,
Shall find his smallest gift outweighs
The burden of the mighty sea.

Who gives to whom hath naught been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed
Is large as earth and rich as heaven!

Forget thou not, O man! to whom
A gift shall fall, while yet on earth,
Yea, even to thy seven-fold birth,
Revive it in the lives to come!

Who, brooding, keeps a wrong in thought,
Sins much, but greater sin is his
Who, fed and clothed with kindnesses,
Shall count the holy aims as naught.

For he who breaks all laws may still
In Sivam's mercy be forgiven;
But none can save in earth or heaven
The wretch who answers good with ill!

John G. Whittier, in the Waif.

ATONEMENT.

While professed Christians depend on the blood of Christ to atone for the consequences of sin, the reputed (Christian) infidels, physiologists, reformers, saviours, are working at the cause by striving to introduce pure blood into the reputed Christians.

The former rely on the blood of a dead man, the latter depend on the blood of active, healthy, living men.

The blood of Christ must have run low when the church instituted a fee paid in advance to atone for sins in anticipation, against which invention Martin Luther's honest soul protested, as did Jesus against the practices of the Jewish priesthood. As did Voltaire against the inquisition, and the exercise of unwarranted authority. And George Fox and Ann Lee against moral and physical sins, and spiritual blindness. And Thomas Paine against Church and State despotism.

The great army which have ever confronted progress; the foe of human advancement and happiness, with "cross over their heads, the gospel in their mouths, and fire and sword in their hands, have not all passed yet." But other lingering relics have more the appearance of a retreating than a victorious army, well described in the 18th chapter of Revelations: "Babylon shall be (is being) burned with fire" of scientific truth, which proceedeth out of the mouths of Ingersoll, Bradlaugh and their compeers, who give more quantity and quality for thought than is found elsewhere.

The Jews "God's peculiar people," and Christians who would evangelize the whole world, must correct their bloody record by atonement, confession and repentance, before they cry "infidel!" "He hath a devil," etc.; and stone and imprison the modern prophets whose record has ever been, "Peace on earth and unto men good will." *By their works shall ye know them.* Atone, repent and be baptised into the spirit and practice of the golden rule, and God, angels and men will accept the atonement.

"O! make thou us, through centuries long
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law;
And cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

The *Sunday School Times* thus editorially hits hard all of us who are wanting of

SELF-FORGETFULNESS.

It is utter forgetfulness of self that gives truest power and truest attractiveness in character. Self-consciousness does not always show itself with equal offensiveness; sometimes it appears in undisguised vanity; sometimes in overbearing assumption; again it is chiefly manifest in extreme embarrassment of manner; but it is always a loss of power and a loss of wisdom. Self-consciousness is not inconsistent with sincerity, but it is inconsistent with simplicity, and the truest grace and the greatest force are always found in simplicity. Many who pride themselves on their sincerity are ut-

terly lacking in simplicity, and they suffer before others accordingly. "We see many people," says Fenelon, "who are sincere without being simple. They do not wish to be taken for other than what they are; but they are always fearing lest they should be taken for what they are not. A simple man neither affects virtue nor truth; he is never busy thinking about himself; and seems to have lost that *ego* about which we are so jealous." Simplicity is a sure cure of that morbid sensitiveness which causes one to think that he is always under prominent observation one way or the other, or which would bring him to confess if he really spoke out sincerely:

"I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
My merit or my blame."

Simplicity goes straight at its work everywhere and always, and without a thought of any thing but that work. That is always a power — always a source of attractiveness.

WITTY AND TRUE.

Some of the sayings of that pious but witty clergyman, Rev. Rowland Hill, were remarkable for hitting the nail on the head. Not another blow was needed to drive it home.

Being very much grieved at the conduct of some of his congregation, who were frequently unpunctual, he once offered the following prayer:

"O Lord, bless those who are in their places, have mercy on those who are on the road, and save those who are getting ready to come."

He once said of a man who knew the truth, but seemed afraid to preach it in its fullness:

"He preaches the truth as a donkey mumbles a thistle — very cautiously."

On a wet day a number of persons took shelter in his chapel, during a heavy shower, while he was preaching; he remarked: "Many people are blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

Entering the house of one of his congregation, he saw a child on a rocking horse:

"Dear me," exclaimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians; there is motion, but no progress."

A professed Christian, who was addicted to drinking, asked him impertinently, "Now, do you think, Mr. Hill, that a glass of spirits would drive religion out of my heart?"

"No," he answered, "for there is none in it."

A lady who professed religion, but whose daily practice was not in harmony with it, once said to him, "I am afraid lest after all I shall not be saved."

"I am glad to hear you say so," replied Mr. Hill, "for I have been long afraid for you, I assure you."

NOT LOST.

The look of sympathy, the gentle word,
Spoken so low that only angels heard;
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,
Unseen by men, but marked by angels eyes—
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,
To busy crowds who scarcely pause to hear—
These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night
Over soiled robes, that once were pure and
white;
The prayers that rise like incense from the
soul,
Longing for Christ to make it clean and
whole—
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our
youth,
When dreams had less of self and more of
truth;
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so
sweet,
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for other's good,
So seldom guessed, so little understood;
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win
Some wanderer from the ways of sin—
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord, in Thy city bright
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,
And things long hidden from our gaze below
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know
These are not lost.

SPIRITUAL HOME.

EMILY OFFORD.

CANAN, N. Y.

1. There's a beautiful home on the mountain of God, Where flowers in purity bloom,
 2. There is joy and delight in that beautiful home, And sweet is the peace reigning there,
 3. We will sing of that home thro' the journey of life, While crosses we faithfully bear,
 4. And we joy in the conflict rejoice in the strife That we may inheritance gain,

And the fair beams of glory in radiance bright, The heavenly mansions illumine.
 And a rest happy rest for the weary and worn, A glorious freedom to share.
 For a blessed fruition of eternal bliss These trials our spirits prepare,
 Even now to our vision the shadow's revealed, The substance ere long we'll obtain.

Home, home, O, beautiful home! Heavenly graces are there,

Where pure love each heart controls, We long of its glories to share.

Before any of our readers shall so foolishly tamper, and with carelessness, to the probable endangering and destruction of their own lives, property, and the same of others—"Halt!" Read and reflect upon the wisdom enunciated by the *Evening Times*, Albany, N. Y.:

"An idea seems to be prevalent that kerosene is useful not only as an illuminating agent, but also in starting kitchen fires. It matters not that the papers almost daily record cases of painful death from its being put to the latter use. When a fire is to be started to cook the morning meal, it would be far better that nitro-glycerine, dynamite or gunpowder should be used, than that the kerosene can should be called into requisition. The substances named only explode, but the kerosene oil takes fire and spreads itself on every object in its neighborhood. Would that every woman who tries to start a fire with kerosene would stop a moment to consider that the soldier under fire, in the midst of a hot battle, has many more chances to escape with life than she.

Kerosene is a dangerous compound to be kept in a house, even if used prudently. It should be kept in some portion of the house where neither sunlight, nor any fire nor artificial heat can come. Lamps should be filled in the day-time, and under no circumstances should be filled at night with another light near. The oil itself is not explosive; it is the gas engendered by the oil that occasions the explosions that daily occur. A half-empty lamp, although standing on a table, and without being touched, is liable at any moment to explode. Such accidents we have been called upon to record time and time again. In order to prevent explosions, lamps should be filled with the oil and filled in the day-time. So far as lighting fires by pouring oil from a can is concerned, it is to be hoped that no reader of this paper would ever even think of doing any thing so reckless and dangerous.

Housewives should not only conform strictly to the rules here laid down, but should instruct their servants to do the same, and see to it, personally, that their instruc-

tions are obeyed. The picture of a woman with blazing garments, rushing through the streets, has become altogether too familiar. To be burned is the most fearful of all deaths, and yet, how often does it happen, because the most ordinary rules of prudence are disregarded?

FEAR OF DISEASE.

It is said that while the plague was raging in Buenos Ayres, the grave-diggers bore charmed lives. Of the three hundred men so employed, not one died of the disease. It has often been noticed that during the prevalence of pestilential diseases, physicians, undertakers, nurses, and grave-diggers, whose business compelled constant liability to infection, have usually escaped in a far greater ratio than their numbers would warrant. The "charm" of this immunity from the prevailing scourge is very simple. They are not scared. They are positive to the disease, and repel its attacks. Fear is a great ally of death. Whoever is afraid of disease is in a negative condition, and really invites its approach.

And thus it is the world over. The brave die but once, while cowards die many times.

Much unnecessary alarm exists in every community in regard to many diseases. We are, it is true, all liable to sickness and death. But if we are all sober, cleanly, and brave of heart, we need have no fear of disease of body or mind.

A PURIFIED CHURCH NEEDED.

At the Northfield Conference Mr. Moody is reported as saying:

"I am a thousand times more anxious for the purification of the church than for the conversion of sinners. There will be no trouble in securing the conviction of sinners when the church can show a clean record."

These are true words, as all revival efforts prove. To pass over the church, already enfeebled by worldliness, and seek the conversion of sinners, is a great mistake. Converts, under such circumstances, if they be converts at all, will be feeble and useless. The child will partake of the feeble-

ness of the mother; and both together will soon find a common grave.

But let the church become pure, and filled with the Holy Ghost, and converts not only become numerous; but "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds."

The conversion of the three thousand at the Pentecost was preceded by the baptism of the Holy Ghost, with which they were all filled.

How can the churches be made to see and feel this? Purity is commanded by God, and demanded by the state of the church.—*Advocate of Holiness.*

EXTRACTS VOICE OF PEACE.

Nations impoverish each other by standing armies and armaments which in peace are useless and in war destructive. Iron-clads are useless national luxuries. They cannot stand against torpedoes, and are only fit to be sold as old iron. Monster guns are another folly. Fortresses are not safe against dynamite, which can be thrown upon them from balloons.

But, say some, if it were not for war, what would we do with all the people; the world would be overpopulated? This is another great error. The Valley of the Mississippi can maintain two hundred millions of people, and the Province of Guyana, in Venezuela, which is as large as France, has only thirty-five thousand inhabitants and some of the richest soil on the face of the earth. The United States alone could produce food and shelter for the present human race. One-seventh part of the globe is still covered with swamps and deserts awaiting the labor of men, whilst nations destroy each other in wars for the benefit of a few politicians and reigning families, and still we hope and believe that peace and good-will among men shall one day reign upon earth. May that day not be far off; and may the labors of free and law-loving men hasten its advent.

Every girl should have the power to earn her own livelihood. It is a false position taken by many mothers to train up their daughters to be merely ornamental. Labor

is honorable, and every person should do his or her share. Frugal husbandry and household prudence are the foundations of peace in the land.

I advise all to be born of healthy mothers if they can. Health is essential to peace, and healthy mothers are essential to healthy children, and healthy children are essential to the training up of the world to peace and righteousness. Bring this influence into the Sabbath schools and churches. We want something better than dogmas and creeds. A few years ago it was thought a woman could not manage a winter school in this country because it was supposed necessary to thrash the boys. Now women are preferred, even in country schools, in winter, because that the mild power rules most effectually. This principle is growing in the community, and it will be carried out all through the management of our public prisons.—*Peace Advocate.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard earned bread!
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow,—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,—
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker
Perchance for the tears you weep.

Then sow,—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall, to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow; and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears,—
Where, in spite of the cowards doubting,
Or your own heart's doubts and fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown, to-day, in tears.

—*Adelaide Proctor.*